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POETRY.

For the Liberator.
FREEDOM'S CALL.
BY C. C. BURLEIGH.

Hail to the trumpet-call, bidding us rally,
Friends of humanity, lovers of right,
Down from the mountain come, up from the valley,
Clad in the harness of Liberty's fight;
Come from the prairie wide,
Lake-shore and river-side,
Clearings that lie in the dim forest shade,
Inland and ocean-strand
Come, joining heart and hand,
Freedom, imperiled, is calling for aid.

Not with the weapons of murderous strife,
Squadrons arrayed for the death-dealing battle,
Thunder of cannon, and musketry's rattle,
Mangling of bodies and wailing of woe;
Not with such engines
Fight we for Liberty,
But with the power of the heart-awakening Word;
Right is our panoply,
Love our artillery,
Soul-piercing Truth is our two-edged sword.

Vainly the tyrant shall from his defiance,
Vainly redouble the chains of his slave,
God and his Truth are our steadfast reliance,
Press we right onward, the bondman to save.
Long hath his bitter wail,
Loaded the Southern gale,
Long hath his blood cried for vengeance to God;
Light of his spirit dim,
Fetters on soul and limb,
Long hath he bowed under Tyranny's rod.

On to his rescue! the day-star has risen,
Morning is dawning on Slavery's night,
Burst we asunder the bars of his prison,
Lead him abroad into Liberty's light;
Then in the fulness of
Gratitude, joy and love,
Bend we to him who the victory gave,
Vowing that, never more,
All our wide country o'er,
Room shall be found for a tyrant or slave.

FUGITIVE SLAVE'S SONG.

BY CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

A moonlight night!—the sky is clear,
And the North Star holds his lamp for me;
I cast behind me doubt and fear,
For the hope before is liberty;
I go, I go;
In Slavery's land I will not stay,
I will not stay,
For the North Star beckons me the way,
And I obey,
For the North Star beckons me the way.

The darkness veils my Northward flight,
And by day the Greenwood covers me;
My Guiding Star shines, all the night,
On the path which leads to liberty.
I go, I go;
I'm on my way to liberty,
To liberty,
For the North Star thither beckons me
To liberty,
Where the North Star shines to beckon me.

The dogs are howling on my track,
But the furred stream will foil their scent,
And turn their buffed fury back,
While I onward press, with soul intent,
To go, to go,
Where shines the Star, my way to show,
My way to show;
For the North Star shines my way to show,
And on I go.

Though hunger wastes my failing strength,
And the North wind blusters fierce and strong,
And, toil-worn with the journey's length,
I can scarcely find my limbs along,
Yet on I go,
On toward the land where slaves are free,
Where slaves are free,
For the North Star thither beckons me,
Still beckons me,
To the happy land where slaves are free.

Now on you lake the star-beams glance:
How gaily its ripples flash and dance!
For yonder, on that Northern shore,
My toil and peril will all be o'er;
Hallelu! hallelu!
The Star shines now to welcome me,
To welcome me!
How gladly it shines to welcome me,
To the land of the free,
To the land where slaves henceforth are free!

For the Liberator.

EXECUTION OF JAMES MCGEE.

THOUGHTS

Suggested by the Execution of James McGee,
in Cambridge Street Jail, Boston, on Friday, June
25, 1858.

Respectfully dedicated to those who participated in
that transaction, or have given it the sanction of
their approval, by their sincere friend,
THE AUTHOR.

Ye are the men who bear the Christian name,
And pray to be forgiven as ye forgive—
Teach that the Savior, when to earth he came,
Laid down his life, that vilest men might live.

Ye read the Bible, and its truths admire,
And worship God one day in every seven,
Weep at the Cross, where Jesus died expire,
And deem yourselves the favorites of Heaven.

Ye talk of God's great love for all the race,
Of how he gave his own dear Son to die,
How much we owe to his abounding grace,
How we are nothing without charity.

But ye forget what the old Scriptures say,
How, when the race was but a few years old,
God said, 'Whoe'er the murderer shall slay,
Vengeance shall be on him, even seven fold.'

And when ye read what once he said to Noah,
'Who sheddeth blood, by man shall his be shed,'
Divine enlightenment ye no longer employ,
Or ye would find no sanction for such deed.

For God to Noah never gave command
To do what he had clearly once forbid;
He only said, 'Who bears foul murderer's brand,
His fellow-man of him the earth will rid.'

O, sad prediction! men have proved it true!
For, ever since the days of Noah's flood,
Sinners and saints alike have joined the hue,
And cried aloud, 'O give us human blood!'

But Jesus taught the world a better way,
And by his own example made it plain:
He said—'When ye shall to the Father pray,
Forgive, if ye would have his ear to gain.'

'But if no mercy ye to others show,
And on the erring seek your wrath to wreak,
This truth, ere long, ye shall be pained to know,
To heaven in vain admission ye shall seek.'

This is the Teacher of whom Moses said,
A Prophet shall the Lord raise up to you,
Who'll mark the path in which your feet shall tread,
And what He bids you, ye shall haste to do.

'Whoe'er that Prophet shall refuse to hear,
And walk in ways which his own heart shall choose,
I'll cut him off, saith God,—nor will I hear
When he shall cry for help against his foes.'

The great Apostle to his brethren said,
'Avenge not, my beloved, earthly wrong;
For it is written, "God will vengeance dread
Repay to all your enemies ere long."'

When ye a sinner hate, the world requires—
'What do ye Christians more than any other;
Who kindle round your foes revenging fires,
And show no mercy to an erring brother?

'All your religion is a worthless sham,
And when to us you piously appeal,
We'll bid you go and love your fellow-man,
Ere ye attempt our sinful souls to heal.'

Listen, ye servants of the living God!
These admonitions are designed for you;
Though heaven and earth shall pass, not e'en a word
Spoke by Jehovah, e'er shall prove untrue.

Hear Jesus say—Why do ye call me Lord,
While ye do not the things that I have said?
Within its sheath put up the wasting word!
O trust in me, and be no more afraid!

Boston, July 1, 1858.

JUSTITIA.

DEFENSE OF ORSINI.

MR. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed, you will find part of a correspondence from London to the New York Pioneer, the best German newspaper in the United States, in character as well as in capacity, in vindication of the honor of Orsini. As some of your readers may have read Orsini's second letter, and are therefore in doubt about his consistency, I thought it of importance to translate this correspondence, as it comes from the hands of a person who knows, and whose purpose it is to prove that this second letter is a mere fabrication.

Yours, for universal freedom,

S. URBINO.

(London Correspondence of the New York Pioneer, a German paper.)

The Bonapartist fabrications come continually thicker; happily, however, always grosser. After the first letter of Orsini had been materially changed, as I have written to you before, so that its real meaning had been turned almost to the contrary, appears now a second letter, which bears the marks of a shameful substitution, or rather forgery. The official Journal of Piedmont has been honored by the publication of this second letter. The editor received it, as they remark, from the best source, which means nothing else but that the French Government communicated it to them for publication. The letter has not yet appeared in the French newspapers. It is pretended that orders had been given to confiscate all foreign papers which contain it, which is undeniably nothing else than a mere pretext for the suppression of this second letter. The editor received it, as they remark, from the best source, which means nothing else but that the French Government communicated it to them for publication. The letter has not yet appeared in the French newspapers. It is pretended that orders had been given to confiscate all foreign papers which contain it, which is undeniably nothing else than a mere pretext for the suppression of this second letter.

Besides this, the letter is, as has already been said, too gross a fabrication. They put therein into the mouth of Orsini, he is 'convinced of the true Italian feeling of his Majesty; he detests murder; he considers his deed as a crime; he advises his countrymen not to go in the same way of error, and similar ridiculous things. No reasonable man can believe for a moment that Orsini would utter such language. The gallant conspirator, who, scarcely ripened into manhood, consistently bore the punishment of the gallies—who, under the Roman Republic, always stood ahead in the battle—no exposed to the numerous complex dangers of the French Republic, contemplated new dangers—and who acted every where according to the demands of republican duty and honor, could not have been into the dust before a receipt whom he intended to execute. The supposition is foolish, absurd. It bids defiance to all possibility. Orsini's bold action, his language before the court, and his death with the exclamation, 'Vive la République, vive l'Italie!' are in its own nature, and in the Bonapartist fabrications break down. Wherever Orsini appeared publicly, wherever evidence of his demeanor can be furnished, there he appears as a fearless character, and as an easy martyr. His adversary in a secret cell to make him say things from thence, against the whole life of the calumniator gives a living testimony.

That the letter is false has been already declared, immediately after its publication, by almost all the organs of the people's party in Piedmont. They accused Louis Napoleon of deceit without formality. The circumstance, that these accusations were made without any reply from the French Government, must naturally strengthen the correctness of the expressed doubt. The Piedmont press is extremely interested in it, as it is known, in its own nature, and in the Bonapartist fabrications break down. Wherever Orsini appeared publicly, wherever evidence of his demeanor can be furnished, there he appears as a fearless character, and as an easy martyr. His adversary in a secret cell to make him say things from thence, against the whole life of the calumniator gives a living testimony.

Resolved, That we believe the design now more than ever before, is to make our grievances permanent, by greatly multiplying the disabilities under which the many and strong opposing the law, and weak; and were we equal in numbers, no attempt would be made to enslave us, nor to deny us the respect due to our manhood.

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For myself, I am humiliated in the presence of this terrible wrong of human enslavement. It stains us with fearful hypocrisy and cruelty, and brands us as a professedly civilized people, not yet having given up the miserable practices of savage life. I am ashamed of our current religion. I am ashamed of American politics. I am ashamed of poor human nature. Strike again, dear Garrison, and continue striking, and may God help you in the right!

I was induced to subscribe for the Liberator by Misses Holley and Putnam, who made us a very acceptable visit during the past winter. I read it with increasing interest. It is a free paper, and I have been in this age of servility and shame to be free.

I ought long since to have borne witness to the faithfulness and ability of those workers in the cause of practical righteousness and true Christianity. Miss Holley, in a course of six lectures, gave us more of the essential principles, the great first truths which underlie all human obligation—more of the real, the spiritual, the true teaching of the Man of Nazareth, than we have received from our pulpits in years. The calm dignity, the unshrinking faithfulness, the tender sympathy which were so constantly exhibited, and especially the superior development of her moral and spiritual nature, did not fail to impress all, who have hearts to love 'whatever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report'; while Miss P. everywhere won by her literary finish and gentle courtesy, as well as firmness and devotion to the Right.

Miss Holley also did much more than others who have come among us to vindicate the personal character and daily life and spirit of yourself, and those who work with you so uncompromisingly in the Old Organization, and to set free the public mind from the miserable prejudice and misrepresentation which a bigoted priesthood and hireling press have everywhere heaped upon you. How true it is, that to live the truth is to 'become of no reputation'!

To be honest, to mean by our words and professions, to carry out our principles to their applications, how costly! Good name, personal friendships, ecclesiastical standing, social position, business prospects in some instances, all gone! Who can bear these things? But few, and therefore but few comparatively are with you.

These things are not new. No age knows its greatest heroes, its true benefactors. The reward is ever in the future. So take heart. It is only 'by patient continuance in well doing.' And in this work of opening blind eyes and unstopping deaf ears, believe me, in sympathy and spirit, to be ever with you.

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RUTLAND REFORM CONVENTION.

As a specimen of the low and scurrilous manner in which the proceedings of this large and highly interesting Convention were reported for the New York Tribune, take the following:—

Aside from the speakers and active participants in the exercises, the men who lounge into the big tent, and lazily stretch themselves on benches, and chaw straw while they listen with benevolent patience to the tirades from the platform, are as listless, lazy, unshorn and 'shiftless' looking as any set of unfortunates ever gathered into a crowd with the thermometer in a torrid summer.

The ladies of the town of Rutland are very few of them visible in the Convention. Indeed, it is asserted that when their prudent parents heard that the 'Free-Love' Convention was to be held in Rutland, they sent their daughters to the village occasionally stray into the tent, but there have been as yet no symptoms of any sort of an outside row.

The Free-Love Convention was inevitable in Rutland, the good-looking young ladies were all sent out of town, 'for fear of accidents.' A number of 'roughs' from the village occasionally stray into the tent, but there have been as yet no symptoms of any sort of an outside row.

The tent is a big one; there is no bar in it, but several booths outside dispense lemonade, root-beer and ginger-pop to the thirsty crowd.

It will be really seen by the tone of the resolutions published yesterday, that there is a strong and even solicitous and feverish anxiety that the subject of 'Free-Love' be kept down. There will be strenuous outside exertions made, by certain ones who desire to have their skirts clear from the subject of 'Free-Love'.

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It will be really seen by the tone of the resolutions published yesterday, that there is a strong and even solicitous and feverish anxiety that the subject of 'Free-Love' be kept down. There will be strenuous outside exertions made, by certain ones who desire to have their skirts clear from the subject of 'Free-Love'.

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him. So the simplicity of the ship-owning was substituted for the intricacies of the knot which might have grown out of this entanglement. Whatever warning the convicts in the Penitentiary may take by the fate of their old companion, it is to be hoped that the officers of the same will lay to heart that the 'Free-Love' Convention was inevitable in Rutland, the good-looking young ladies were all sent out of town, 'for fear of accidents.'

You may, perhaps, remember that, within a month of each other, the Warden and his Deputy were killed by convicts. Now, this fact of itself is conclusive evidence of mismanagement in the treatment of the prisoners. No amount of evidence as to the excellence of the men's character, or of the perfection of the discipline, can overcome the inevitable conclusion from such bloody premises, that something must have been wrong in the conducting of the prison. It is very likely that these unfortunate men did the best they knew how, but it is equally likely that they did not know how best to do.

Such bloody instructions stand for a great deal, and shadow forth a secret history which probably will never be known, but which should have a two-fold face of warning—one turned towards the officials, and the other towards the convicts. It is equally likely that such tragedies as these do not occur often, when we consider the ignorant and bungling hands to which the most delicate machinery of the State has to do with in general.

I remember *The Tribune* treated of this matter, and we feel justified in carrying out the most terrible case of mankind. And we are not inclined to believe that this receipt is to be translated. 'Whatever others do, you must do as they do.'

We believe in the golden rule: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them.' But we do not believe that we apply to slaves, to offenders, nor to any other class of mankind, the same rule which we apply to our fellow-men. We believe that we are to do unto others as we would be done by.

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